

**Master Negative
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**Hannah Healy, the
pride of Howth**

Waterford

[18--]

Reel: 37 Title: 19

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**Title : Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth : together with,
McDermott's farewell ; The repealer's advice to Granuale.**

Imprint : Waterford : Printed by W. Kelly, [18--]

Format : 8 p. ; 16 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Title vignette.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, Irish.

Added Entry : Kelly, W.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/20/94

Camera Operator: AM

Hannah Healy,

THE PRIDE OF HOWTH.

TOGETHER WITH

M'Dermott's Farewell..

The Repealer's Advice to Granuale.



WATERFORD:

Printed by W. KELLY.

HANNAH HEALY, THE PRIDE OF HOWTH.

Air— "Ligelow."

You matchless nine to my aid in line,
Assist my genius whilst I declare,
My love-sick pain for a beauteous dame,
Whose killing charms did me ensnare;
Sly little Cupid has knocked me stupid,
In grief I mourn upon my oath,
My frame's declining I'm so repining,
For Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

She's tall and slender both young and tender,
She's modest, mild, and she's all sublime,
For education in Erin's nation,
There's none to equal this nymph divine;
I'd wish to gain her but can't obtain her,
I'd fondly court her but still I'm loath,
Lest I should tease her or once displease her,
Sweet Hannah Healy the pride of Howth.

At seventeen this maid serene,
My heart attracted I must allow,
I thought her surely a goddess purely,
Or some bright angel in truth I vow,
Since that I languish my mind's in anguish,
A deep decline it has curbed my growth,
None can relieve me then you may believe me,
But Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

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In all Olympus I'm sure no nymph is,
 To equal her that I do admire,
 Her lovely features surpasses nature,
 Alas! they set my poor heart on fire;
 She exceeds Flora or bright Aurora,
 Or beauteous Venus from the briny froth,
 I'm captivated I do repeat it,
 By Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

Each lovely morning young men keep swarm-
 ing.
 To view this charmer taking the air,
 She's so enchanting they all are panting,
 To gain her favour I do declare;
 But still they're fearful and no way cheerful,
 The greatest hero you'll find him loath,
 Nor dare entreat her or supplicate her,
 So bright an angel is the pride of Howth.

I'll drop my writing and my enditing,
 I see it's useless for me to fret,
 One pound of trouble or sorrow double,
 Will ne'er atone for one ounce of debt,
 I'll resign courting and all like sporting,
 Cupid and Hymen I'll shun them both,
 And rise my mind from all female kind,
 So adieu sweet Hannah the pride of Howth!

M'DERMOTT'S FAREWELL.

As on the quay of Limerick city I heard a young
man say,
Farewell dear and happy country I'm bound
for America,
Doomed in a foreign land to wander, none but
strange faces for to see,
Farewell once dear and happy country, old Ire-
land adieu now to thee.

When on Columbia's shore I wander, far from
friends and country dear,
With heartfelt woe and grief I'll ponder, on the
cause that brought me here,
For want of wages and employment, home and
country I must flee,
And seek in foreign lands enjoyment, dear Ire-
land now adieu to thee.

Oh! who can tell the pang of anguish, that I
felt to leave the spot,
When I knew that I should languish, far from
my parents' humble cot,
No more to see the happy faces, full of honest
mirth and glee,
Which I met at fairs and races, dear Ireland
now adieu to thee.

No more I'll meet my blue eyed Mary, blushing
 like the blooming rose,
 When in the evening, toiled and weary, on her
 bosom I'd repose,
 O how can I be torn from her, what will now
 become of me,
 When I no more can gaze upon her? dear Ire-
 land now adieu to thee.

My parents dear are broken hearted, yet they
 wished me for to go,
 To the land where work and wages on the peo-
 ple there do flow;
 But oh, my country, dearest Erin, nought but
 dread of poverty,
 Could ever force me for to leave you, dear Ire-
 land, now adieu to thee.

But oh, should fortune smile upon me, with
 what joy I would return,
 Unto my parents and my darling, that I left
 behind to mourn,
 Such thoughts as these alone support me, they
 are my only company,
 For in my heart they are engraven, dear Ireland
 now adieu to thee.

Farewell to all my old acquaintances, friends
 and neighbours now good bye,

When you're at your merry meetings, some of
 you may heave a sigh,
 And say God bless the youth who left us, and
 keep him from his enemy.
 For whilst he lives, he'll ne'er forget you, dear
 Ireland now adieu to thee.

THE REPEALER'S ADVICE TO OLD GRANUALE.

You learned men that's wise, I'll tell you no
 lies,
 Concerning our brave Liberator,
 By his country he will stand, that God may him
 prolong.
 He is seeking for the rights of the nation,
 For Daniel he is sound, his equal can't be found,
 To agitate the rights of the people,
 His voice aloud do call, for peace 'mongst one
 and all,
 By it you will gain your liberation.

Brave Dan with many more to England dip
 sail o'er,
 To bring before the Lords and the Commons,
 The trial which he did stand for the love of
 Paddy's land,
 May he gain his liberation with great honour

Smith O'Brien is the man, who will back noble
 Dan,
 And worthy Mr. Grattan won't be backward.
 Lord Ffrench and Mr. Roche to the house they
 will, approach,
 To vindicate the cause of Old Erin.

Now let every man prepare in peace to perse-
 vere.
 Join heart and hand together like brothers,
 Sobriety you know will conquer every foe,
 For Daniel O'Connell is our member.
 He gives us great applause for not breaking the
 laws,
 So follow the advice of your clergy,
 And God above most high will stand by your
 side,
 To liberate the sons of Old Erin.

Dear friends you all well know, that I love
 my Irish home,
 Many years have I laboured to defend you,
 Those forty years and more poor Erin suffered
 sore,
 Her trade and commerce is declining,
 But the day is near at hand, we'll have comfort
 on the land,
 All party contentions we will smother,
 In providence we hail in peace to gain Repeal,
 To console the sons of dear Erin.

The weaver and his loom will soon be in their bloom,

And the noise of his shuttle will echo, [spring,
And the larks, will sweetly sing to welcome the
For Repeal of the Union is our motto.

Now Dan declares his mind, if he was to be
confined,

For years as a prisoner in exile,
His words would be Repeal to free Old
Grandale,

But we hope he will gain his liberation,

So now my song I'll end, and success to every
friend,

That wish to be an honest Repealer,

Long live brave Dan of fame and glory to his
name,

And brave Steele that stood by him in all danger,
Likewise Smith O'Brien, whose talent most
sublime,

With Edward Burke Roche our loyal member,
May all party quarrels cease in this island of
saints,

With prosperity and freedom to Old Erin.